





At a kind of military dinner, for instance, in Richmond, the "President Elect," we are informed by the National Intelligencer, for twenty or thirty minutes spoke in a manner,

"That must have put to the blush all who have so un-decorated his intellectual or physical ability.—Virginia-born as he was, a Virginian raised, he knew, he said Virginians all must feel that kind of interest in him, him proud Commonwealth ever felt in any of her sons who had filled important stations; and, knowing this, he deemed himself called upon here, in his own city of Richmond, the guest of its Military, to show before them that he had not, as he had been accused, given up the military profession, to which he had devoted his life. He went on modestly to relate that he had the add to add the testimony of Kent

Congress of the United States, and liberal suffrages, of the known him, to wit, Ohio, Indiana.

So we go—serve Europe!

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And among other things, the General said, (not General Othello)—"Here, fifty years ago (going through the action) I worked the pestle and mortar in compounding medicine." To show the childish admiration that every movement of this dignitary begets, we give the entire paragraph, from the letter in the Intelligencer, from which the above saying is quoted.

"Gen. Harrison has much amaz'd himself since he has been here in visiting the scenes of his boyhood. Notwithstanding the prodigious fatigue he undergoes, night and day, he is up in the morning at break of day, walking around the city, looking into the markets, &c. This morning he searched out the place where he was first a student of medicine, and entering it, now a drugshop, much to the surprise of the keeper, exclaimed to his companion, Here, fifty years ago, (going through the action) I worked the pestle and mortar in compounding medicine."

Seriously, the besetting sin of the American people at this time, is man-worship. The newspapers have almost forgotten to discuss principles, and devote their columns to the abuse or praise of a few men, who have been lucky enough to acquire distinction. Take up a whig paper, and you would be led to conclude, that there is nothing of so much importance in the world, as singing psalms to Henry Clay, Webster, Senator Crittenden, Wise &c. Look into a Van Buren sheet, and you will find its pages so studded with the exploits of Benton, Duncan, Wright, and Buchanan as to leave no room for any thing else. Multitudes of the people seem as desperately bent on idolatry, as were the stiff-necked Jews. Gods they will have, if they how down before calves.

#### INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Called from a retirement which I had supposed was to continue for the residue of my life, to fill the Chief Executive Office of this great and free Nation, I appear before you, fellow-citizens, to take the oaths which the Constitution prescribes, as a *constitutional* officer for the performance of its duties. And in obedience to a custom established with our Government, and what I believe to be your expectations, I proceed to present to you a summary of the principles which will govern me in the discharge of the duties which I shall be called upon to perform.

It was the remark of a Roman Consul, in an early period of that celebrated Republic, that a most striking contrast was observable in the conduct of candidates for offices of power and trust, before and after obtaining them—they sell their carrying out, in the latter case, the pledges and promises made in the former.—However much the world may have improved, in many respects, in the lapse of upwards of two thousand years, since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern elective governments, would develop similar instances of violated confidence:

Although the fit of a few months will confound their fears. The outline of principles to govern, and measures to be adopted, by the Administration, yet begin, will be thought that a motive may exist to keep up the delusion under which they may be supposed to have acted in relation to my principles and opinions; and perhaps there may be some in this assembly who have come here either prepared to condemn those with whom they uttered. But the lapse of a few months will confound their fears.

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The broad foundation on which our constitution rests being the People—a breath of theirs having made, as a breath can unmake, change, or modify it—it can be assigned to none of the great divisions of Government, but that of Democracy. It is thus, they who are called upon to administer it must recognize, as its leading principle, the duty of shaping their measures so as to do the greatest good to the people, with the least sacrifice to other sovereignties, even by those who are considered most purely democratic, we shall and a—sentimental difference. All others lay claim to power limited only by their own will. The majority of our citizens, on the contrary, possess a sovereignty with an amount of power precisely equal to that which has been granted them by the parties to the national compact, and nothing beyond. We admit of no Government by divine right.—Believing that, so far as power is concerned, the Beneficent Creator has made no distinction among men, that all are upon an equality, and that the only legitimate right of power is to express great popular freedom—The Constitution of the United States is the instrument containing this grant of power to the several departments composing the Government. On an examination of that instrument it will be found to contain declarations of power granted and of power withheld. The lat-

ter is also susceptible of division, into power which the majority had a right to grant, but which they did not think proper to entrust to their agents, and that which they could not have granted, not being possessed by themselves. In other words, there are certain rights possessed by each individual American citizen, which in his compact with the others, he has never surrendered. Some of them, indeed, he is unable to surrender, being in the language of our system unalienable. The boasted privilege of a mass citizen to him a shield only against a petty provincial ruler, whilst the rest of us are supposed to suffer a sentence of death, for a supposed violation of the national faith, which no one understood, and which at times was the subject of the mockery of all, or the banishment from his home, family and country, living, with or without an alleged cause; but that was the act, and ended, according to the law of Kent

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P O E T R Y.

SCOT L A N D .

If on this earth there be a spot  
To which my soul admiring turns,  
It is the land of Walter Scott,  
It is the land of Robert Burns—  
O for a glimpse of that proud land  
Where genius all triumphant shines,  
To stray a pilgrim, staff in hand,  
And kneel before her thousand shrines

Edina ! thou whose crumbling walls  
Pourtray the life ages past—  
Edina ! thou whose modern halls  
The light of science o'er us cast—  
Thou, with such seeming men's fraught,  
So rich in beauty and fame;  
How many a high embolding thought  
Comes through thy song

Land of the north !  
We can thy sage and learned—  
Enchantment, like a silver star,  
Seems rising on thy classic shore.  
The legends that enthrone our souls  
Are found thy hills and vales among,  
Lo, ev'ry river as it rolls,  
Tells us of chivalry and song

Fair Tweed! amid thy wanderings wide,  
Thou hast a spot by all adored,  
In triumph may thy waters glide  
O Tweed, for thine is Abbot's ford.  
And thou sweet Ayre! who hath  
One grain of Nature's purest one,  
But wouldst his onward path,  
To music beside thy "pebbled shore."

Yellowland streams with "field and fold,"  
Ye mouldring ruins dark and vast,  
Ye highland glens, ye mountains bold,  
A wizard spell hath over these passed;  
Ye castles frowning o'er the steep,  
Meet homes for "princely pomp and pride."  
Fame shall for ay histories keep,  
From Salway's Firth to Shetland's side.

Baltimore, January 25th 1841.

[From the Christian Register.  
THE HOME OF PEACE.

I sat in the moonlight one summer's eve,  
When the winds had gone to rest,  
And the birds had buried their twilight song,  
And sought their leafy nest—  
All nature was sleeping in calm repose,  
And could plumb the sea;  
How still the sky in its deep lap of peace—  
Yet come no peace to me.  
I followed the bird, when she led me on,  
Far down the stilly glen—  
Till I came to a spot, where ne'er before  
The feet of man had been—  
So still you could hear when the dew drop fell  
But faintly could I find soothng peace  
That might not come to me.  
I sat where the waters were calm and smooth,  
As far as eye could reach,  
And I heard no sound, save the water's dash.  
Along the sandy beach—  
And I sat all day and listened there,  
To the music of the wind in its wild sense,  
But brought no peace to me.  
All other sounds are gone, but still  
That voice is sounding yet—  
"Turn, child," it said, "to thy prisoned heart,  
That pants to be all free—  
And when its sinful thrall is burst,  
There shall be peace for thee!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Philanthropist,  
Extracts from the writings of Wesley, Watson,  
Garrettson, and Clarke, upon Slavery.

P. 498. (3.) But waiving for the present all other considerations, I strike at the root of this complicated vituity. I absolutely deny all slaveholding to be consistent with any degree of natural justice.

P. 499. (4.) That Slaveholding is utterly inconsistent with mercy, is almost too plain to need a proof.

P. 499. (5.) Fifty years ago, on meeting an eminent Statesman in the lobby of the House of Commons, said, "You have been long talking about justice and equality, Pray, which is this bill? Equity or justice?" He answered very short, and plain, "D—n justice, it is necessary." Here also the Slaveholder fixes his foot: here he rests the strength of his cause. If it is not quite right, yet it must be so, there is an absolute necessity for it. It is necessary we should procure slaves: and when we have procured them, it is necessary to use them with severity, considering their stupidity, stubbornness, and wickedness.

I answer, You stumble at the threshold: I deny that villainy is ever necessary. It is impossible that it should ever be necessary, for any reasonable creature to violate all the laws of justice, mercy, and truth. No circumstances can make it necessary for a man to burst in under all the ties of humanity. It can never be necessary for a rational being to sink himself below a brute. A man can be under no necessity of degrading himself into a wolf. The absurdity of the supposition is so glaring, that one would wonder any one could help seeing it.

P. 501. It is far better to have no wealth, than to gain wealth at the expense of virtue. Better is honest poverty, than all the riches bought by the tears, and sweat, and blood of our fellow creatures.

P. 503. and 504. "Master, said a slave at Liverpool (to a merchant that cursed him) what if some of my countrymen were to come here, and take away my mistress, and master Tommy, and master Billy, and carry them into our country, and make them slaves, how would you take it? His answer was worthy of a man: "I will never buy a slave more while I live." O let his resolution be yours! Have no more any part in this detestable business. Instantly leave it to those unfeeling wretches, "who laugh at human nature and compassion?" Be you a man. Not a wolf, a devourer of the human species. Be merciful, that you may obtain mercy.

P. 504. (5.) And this equal man that has an estate in all slave-holders; of whatever age, and in all countries, men buyers are exactly on a level with men sellers. You are the spring that puts all the rest in motion: they would not stir a step without you: therefore the blood of all these wretches, who die before their time, whether in the country or elsewhere, lies upon your head. "The blood of thy brother (for whether thou wilt believe it or not, such he is in the sight of him that made him) crieth against thee from the earth," from the ship, and from the waters. O, whatever it costs, put a stop to its cry before it be too late: instantly, at any price, were it the half of your goods, deliver thyself from blood-guiltiness! Thy hands, thy bed, thy furniture, thy lands, are at present stained with blood. \* \* \* Whether you are a Christian or not, show yourself a man. Be not more savage than a lion or a bear!

P. 504. (6.) Perhaps you will say, "I don't buy any

negroes: I only use those left far well: but is it enough to save us from sin?" Had your father, have you, has any man living, a right to use another as a slave? It cannot be, even setting revile aside. It cannot be that either war or contract can give any man such a property in another as he has in his sheep and oxen. Much less is it possible that any child of man should ever be born a slave. LIBERTY is the right of every human being as soon as he breathes the vital air. And no human law can deprive him of that right, which he derives from the law of nature."

Rev. Richard Watson life p. 292, and in an article which he drew up for the Wesleyan Magazine, he denounced the Anti-Slavery Society a truly Patriotic and Christian society. "It has," says he, "in the strife and struggle of prejudices and passions by the great questions arising out of the slavery existing in so many of our colonies, been greatly misrepresented, and assailed with coarse and disgraceful virulence."

P. 217. Extract from his sermon on the death of Joseph Butterworth.

"With what lingering and obstructed steps does the case of the colonial slave still drag itself onward into notice and advocacy! Grant that this great cause makes progress; yet is it not humbling, deeply humiliating to us, that we, "whose feet have been so swift to shed blood," should be so slow to show mercy."

P. 367. We cannot care for the salvation of the negro, without caring for his emancipation from bondage.

Watson. p. 368. "For whatever improvement may be made in the system, I am one of those who believe that thing radically wrong can never be made good."

I hold it to be a principle, a sacred principle, that as nothing can be done by the negro for himself, it must be done by us for him; and that his cause must be taken up here."

For what are the facts of the case? A Christian people hold in abject and interminable slavery a number of persons who have never forfeited their liberty, either by being conquered in war or by any crimes which they have committed. They have never given up their right to be free.

A Christian people professing to reverence public worship, shut them out by neglect, by absolute neglect, from all the sanctities and felicities of worship; we profess a religion of justice and we exact from them what labors we please, and give them what rewards we please; we leave them in the hands of mercenary agents, who have the power of exercising ten thousand acts of tyranny over those who have no effective means of redress; and we set up a claim to their unborn infants through all the generations to come, to subject them to the same degradations and slavery. I insist upon it, my Lord, that Christianity cannot bear this; its fraternal principle forbids it, for Lord Oxmantown has succeeded in constructing a magnificent and powerful telescope as gigantic as that of General Harrison. The cloth is made entirely from American wool, a part of which was from Mr. Lawrence's flock of sheep in Connecticut and is probably the finest article of the kind ever manufactured in this country.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE EXECUTING TELESCOPE.—We learn from a Dublin paper that there has recently been achieved in Ireland a mechanical and scientific triumph, which leaves all competitors behind and promises to extend infinitely the glorious science of Astronomy.

We were yesterday shown by Samuel Lawrence, Esq., a splendid piece of black broadcloth, manufactured by the Middlesex Co., in this city, to the order of the Baltimore Tippecanoe Club, and designed for the inauguration of General Harrison. The cloth is made entirely from American wool, a part of which was from Mr. Lawrence's flock of sheep in Connecticut and is probably the finest article of the kind ever manufactured in this country.

A short time since, while walking in

passes that I do not find some one or more illustrations in encouraging of my own public labors. Will state one.

"A short time since, while walking in street, I was accosted by a well dressed young man, with the usual salutary compliments. I looked at him, but not immediately recognizing him, I inquired who he was. "You don't know me," said he smiling, "I am Richard Harvey." I immediately remembered the name, and entered into some further conversation. I learned that after leaving the Sunday School, he had gone South—had been among persons of various classes—exposed to every temptation of evil—and had well-nigh yielded to the snare of wicked men; but so great had been the force of memory in pressing upon his conscience the passages of Scripture and the verses of hymns, learned at the Sunday School, that he had repeatedly deterred him from plunging into excesses of vice. Finally, they had led him to reflection, and to the adoption of a religious course—he had removed North—married in a good family—was settled in an excellent business—and would be happy at any time to welcome to the hospitalities of his domestic board, his old friend and Sabbath School Teacher.

"Now," continued he, "when that boy was first brought to our school, he was truly a pitiable object. I remember the time well. It was a cold, bleak, wintry morning, and the poor fellow was miserably clad in summer vestments, without stockings, and nearly without shoes. He was an orphan, and his case excited our sympathy. The teachers soon had him comfortably provided for as to clothing; and I waited upon an old friend of mine, who kept a number of boys as apprentices, and representing his case, procured for him a good home. There he had lived, until he grew too old, as he thought, to come to Sunday School; after which, I heard but little of him, until what was made known in the present interview I have just narrated."

Several incidents of a similar character with the above, where drawn out during a half hour's conversation with this veteran Sabbath School Teacher; and from them he seemed to receive a reward far surpassing the price of sacrifices his duties had cost him. We could but contrast, his untiring zeal in this good work, with the lukewarmness of many in the church, who seem to regard the Sabbath School interest very lightly indeed; as something fit only to amuse and interest the younger men and women of the church. We would, all were properly alive to the commanding interest of this subject. Show us a community in which the Sabbath School is carefully nourished, and we will show you a community that bids fair for temperance, sobriety, and every Christian grace; where mankind not only learn to remember their Creator in the days of their youth; but grow up to practice Christian duties in the beauty and strength of maturity. On the contrary, show us a community where these interest languish, and we will show you one, where piety languishes—where morality languishes—and where wickedness dwelleth in high places. Reader, are you doing all you can for Sunday Schools?

[Prot. and Visiter.]

I T E M S .

YOUNG MEN.—Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves, at their outset in life, in good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune, it is a blessing. The judges of the election for president of the United States, were not the wealthier, but the poorer, who were elected. The chance is more ten to one against him who starts with plenty of money. Let any one look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with abundant means, and trace them down to the present day—how many of these now boast of wealth standing? On the contrary, how many have been poor, lost their place in society, and are passed by our own bosom companions, with a look which painfully says, I know you not!

MANIFESTATION OF THE SONS OF GOD.—Believers are now the sons of God, but "the world knoweth them not." In this respect they are not seen. Theirs is as well at their spirits, have been purchased by Christ, and are now the true sons of God. They have however, no marks of this divine relation, but like those of other men, are subject to disease, to death, and to corruption. And although they have been regenerated by the Spirit of God, there is still "law in their members warring against the law of their mind." But the period approaches when their souls shall be born every remnant of corruption, and then they shall be like unto the sons of the Son of God. Then this shall be manifest, when they indulge in exhibitions of their own talents, playing his brilliant parts before their eyes, whose souls are hungering for the bread of life, it is sad indeed. O, the blessing of a simple minded, faithful, and affectionate minister of the gospel! One who considers himself a round O, rather than a D standing! For I believe it to be a crying sin.

Extract from the life of the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson by N. Bangs.

P. 39. "As I stood with a book in my hand, in the act of giving out a hymn, this thought powerfully struck my mind, it is not right for you to keep your fellow creatures in bondage; you must let the oppressed go free." I knew it to be that same blessed voice which had spoken to me before—till then I had never suspected that the practice of slave keeping was wrong; I had not read a book on the subject, nor been told so by any—I paused a minute and replied, "Lord, the oppressed shall go free." And I was as clear of them in my mind, as if I had never owned one. I told them they did not belong to me, and that I did not desire their services without making them a compensation: it was now at liberty to proceed in worship. After singing, kneeled to pray. Had I the strength of an angel, I could not fully describe what I felt: all my objection, and that melancholy gloom which preyed upon me, vanished in a moment, and a divine brightness ran through my whole frame.

H. Baldwin.

I had now no desire to confine myself to a cell, but wished to spread my Redeemer's glory to the ends of the world. I bade the Lord for leading me safely through such fiery trials. My late affliction of mind was for my good. It was God, not man, that taught me the impropriety of holding slaves; and I shall never be able to praise him enough for it. My very heart has bled, since that, for slave holders, especially those who make a profession of religion; for I believe it to be a crying sin.

Extract from Dr. Adam Clark's commentary.

Ephesians VI. 5. In heathen countries slavery was in some sort excusable; among christians it is an enormity and a crime for which perdition has scarcely an adequate state of punishment.

1st. Corinthians VII. 23. But slavery, and all buying and selling of the bodies and souls of men, no matter what color or complexion, is a high offence against the holy and just God, and a gross and unprincipled attack on the liberty and rights of our fellow creatures.

1st Cor. VII. Concluding remarks. "And to conclude her register my testimony against the unprincipled and illiberal, anti-christian, and diabolical Slave trade."

Isaiah LVII. 6. How can any nation pretend to fast or worship God at all, or dare to profess that they believe in the existence of such a being, while they carry on the slave trade, and traffic in the souls, blood and bodies of men. O ye most flagitious of knaves, and worst of hypocrites, cast off at once the mask of religion; and deepest, not your endless perdition by professing the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, while ye continue in this traffic!

[Dr. Adam Clark's commentary.]

A WORD TO THE SLUGGISH.

Loss this day loitering—"twill be the samestory To-morrow, and next more dilatory;

Thus indecisive brings its own delays,

And days are lost lamenting over days.

Are you in earnest? See this very minute,

What you are about, and you will know it;

Hold your tongue, and you will know it;